

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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I Reach my Home as Evening Dies
I reach my home as evening dies,
And oh! what glances meet my own—
A laughing girl with eager eyes,
The sweetest stars that ever shone;
An angel full of mirth and grace,
With fairy feet and heavenly face.
I gaze beside the cheerful fire,
And picture faces now no more;
As fancies never seem to tire,
But bring me back the scenes of yore;
The village green, the tiny stream,
That fill before me like a dream.
And everything resplendent beams,
No sorrows o'er my musings roll,
Each moment with a treasure teems,
And realms of gold entrance my soul;
While Eden's path lies at my feet,
My heart feels heaven at every beat.
My smiling angel clasps my knee,
And nought around my gladness mars;
Her sunny words gush fresh and free,
And o'er my heart a blissful haze;
Then open her little lips of bliss,
And softly kiss the forehead of my bliss.
And then I watch her earnest smile,
All wreathed with dimples as it grows;
With not a trace of earthly guile,
While all its rays of sunshine glow;
A blush like summer on my cheek,
The more it plays the less I speak.
And love's rich heaven goes floating by,
While pleasures wear a deeper hue;
Like clouds in an autumnal sky,
With tints of gold and paths of blue;
The sunsets have a softer flame,
And poetry a higher claim.
I hold communion most divine,
And clasp my darling to my breast;
While 'twixt her curls her beauties shine,
And eyes closed in delicious rest;
Pure as a daisy on the sod,
Where daisy heart reflects its God.

From the New York Pleasantry JONESVILLE VOLUNTEERS; —OR HOW— Col. Washington Tubbs got Tired by a 'Bar.'

BY ONE OF US.
Some three years ago I happened to be travelling in the neighborhood of our north-western frontier, on an excursion in which business and amusement were very agreeably combined.
The last rays of the Indian summer were lingering in mellow beauty over a scene whose loveliness might well tempt the original copper-colored proprietors to dispute the ruthless encroachments of their pale-faced invaders, a scene rendered irresistibly attractive by romantic association, which rapidly advancing civilization has hardly yet been able to obliterate.
This extensive region is principally peopled by that hardy race of hunters, who built up the fortune of John Jacob Astor, and who still brave unheard-of perils for the sake of protecting their more delicate fellow creatures who dwell in cities, from the biting blasts of winter. Fine noble specimens of mankind are these same trappers; and many a long night have I sat by a camp fire, wrapped in my buffalo robe, and listened to stirring adventures by flood and field, the bare recital of which would produce an unpleasant degree of tension in my nervous system, but which was the every day business of their lives, and never seemed to produce a greater excitement in them than a hasty look at the grinning of their trusty rifles, and a searching glance into the gloom around, when perchance the snapping of a dry twig or some trivial indication denoted the neighborhood of their mortal enemy, the 'bar.'
Several small settlements have, as a matter of course, been carried by enterprising Yankees into these frequented wilds, some of them indeed going so far as to aspire to the dignity of a local court room and an original sort of nesting house, and it was to one of these villages that I found myself slowly approaching (Miss James' solitary horseman) just as the great yellow sun set in a blaze of glory behind the margin of the western prairie.
A long ride of some thirty miles had somewhat fatigued me, besides materially sharpening a naturally keen appetite, and it was with the most unfeigned pleasure to both horse and rider that we at length drew rein in the tavern yard of the aforesaid village, and in a few minutes found ourselves quietly reclining over a measure of oats in a snug stable, and I accepting my host's invitation to 'beak' in a cosy little barroom, besides the homely comfort of which the 'exchange' rooms of the Astor and St. Nicholas are no whar.
Never did Delmonico or Windust spread such a delicious repast for the epicurean man about town, as the honest Joe Bagster placed upon the unbleached tablecloth before the

hungry gaze of your humble servant. Fresh trout from the lake not half a mile distant—venison steaks reeking from the gridiron, and a real wood-fire—ditto in irresistible pate's manufacture by the barroom hostess herself, and then to wash it down—such cider—as equal to the choicest verjuice without the inevitable headache.
"That looks, in each bottle of sparkling champagne," I went particularize my treatment of these delicious viands. Enough that I paid my "devoirs" until exhausted nature compelled me to resign the cutlery, and incontinently loosen the lower buttons of my vest.
I guess one of those same western bar-rooms is about as fine a place to study real, genuine, unadulterated human nature in, as there is this side of creation; and when, after lighting a cigar, and placing my nether extremities on the nearest unoccupied chair, I had found time to look around me, I wasn't disappointed in the various specimens collected within the hotel of the jolly Joe Bagster.
There was the grim old trapper, whose weather-beaten face and toughened carcass had borne the sufferings of forty years in the wilderness, until he had taken kindly to their rough usages and could hardly persuade himself to approach the despised precincts of civilization, even to obtain those necessities of his existence, percussion caps and tobacco.
There was his younger associate, to whom an occasional visit to a settlement or invitation to a quilting, was rather a pleasant episode than otherwise. And later in the evening the jolly old toper and convivial souls in general belonging to the village itself dropped in, and altogether it formed about the jolliest set of fellows it was ever my good fortune to be thrown amongst.
Jokes, anecdotes and fun of all sorts flew fast and furious, and, mixed up with sundry and divers invitations "to licker," gradually wrought us up to a pitch of boisterous merriment, that would have sadly disturbed the equanimity and tested the forbearance of May-er Wood's model M. P's, had we been suddenly transplanted to some quiet locality in "York."
Our mirth was suddenly interrupted by, and my attention attracted to, a discussion, which appeared to be waxing rather warm, between a long son of the forest and a short podgy individual, whose appearance indicated a certain amount of civilization, and whom our host politely introduced to me as Colonel Washington Tubbs, grocer and general merchant.
Colonel Washington Tubbs seemed to be gradually getting into a dreadful passion, and when he brought his fat fist down upon the table, until the glasses rang again, and swore "he'd be totally d—d if he did," I scarcely thought any one present would have the hardihood to tempt him to eternal perdition by further pressing the subject matter of dispute.
The aforesaid long trapper, however didn't seem to share my compunctions, and to Col. Tubbs' energetic remonstrance very coolly rejoined.
"Wall, Kurnel, you're bound to stan' the licker or here goes for the hull story."
"Look a-here, Bill Dryell," exclaimed the indignant Tubbs. "I guess that ar' story has cost us a matter o' fifty dollars to shut your cussed jaw already, and d—n my picture if I shall out another cent, so go ahead and jest spell it, out as sudden as you darn'd please."
My curiosity being somewhat excited by the apparent mystery attached to this episode, or whatever it might be, in the life of Col. Washington Tubbs, I begged Joe Bagster to explain the matter for my special benefit, provided the subject of it were a consenting party.
"Wall, stranger," began Joe, "you see, this here story is kinder hard on the Kurnel; but he knows the rule of the house and if he sorter chooses to rile up and back down about the licker; why there aint no kinder help for it. You see, the Kurnel, that, some eight or ten years back, happened on an adventure, which he's ally's seemed kinder anxious to suppress," continued Joe, "with a wink at the company, 'an' so we wish to be secondatin' to him and struck a bargain, that whenever any gentleman as knows the circumstances proposes to tell this here story, unintentional of course," and Joe winked at the company again, "why the Kurnel that was to say, 'boys let's licker,' and thereupon the unconscious individual was bound to shut off steam right away. We've had an almighty spell o' strange custom round here lately, and the way the Kurnel has had to plank down for drinks is a caution, and that's a fact."
If Colonel Washington Tubbs hadn't looked as desperately ferocious as he did, I think I must fairly laughed out right at the battery of winks with which Joe favored the company at the conclusion of his explanation, but I prudently put the cork on my rising propensities and requesting the landlord to score up drinks for the company on my account, courteously begged the Colonel's forbearance and permission for the story to proceed.
"Wall, stranger," began Joe, after the health of said stranger had been duly drank with all the honors, "tis some seven or eight years back now, since them Canajins and the United States fired up all creation about a darn'd territory as we ought to go to war about right off, to make the Britishers take it back again. I reckon," said Mr. Bagster, parenthetically, "take it from ome to ome, that ar' Oregon question was about the darn'd piece of foolery as two great, kedentrys ever riled up upon." But howsoever, to avoid digression, as the nigger said when he baited himself through a water-park, to save trouble o' walking round it, I lived in Jonesville before it ever was Jonesville. I may say," continued Mr. Bagster, in a pious strain, "if wuz nobody else but Joe Bagster introduced the blessings of ome night, and other lickers into the benighted kedentry. It's a matter of twenty-four years about since I cleared a space for the darn'd

I've seen this ar' location accumulate like, juvenile Pady's on fat bacon and taters, but I reckon I never see Jonesville in such an almighty state of excitement, as when a York paper came down full of blood and thunder articles against the Britishers, 'n' containing a declaration of war against all creation in general, and the Canajins in particular.
"I always knowed there was a sight of patriotism in Jonesville, but when I see the genuine American feeling as swelled up, like ten year old cider, when that ar' paper was read in this very bar-room, I reckon I felt kinder proud of my kedentry."
"I shall never forget," resumed Mr. Bagster, in a reflective manner; "I shall never forget the speech as the Kurnel give us on that interesting occasion. It was valse patriotic, and that's a fact. Such sentiments as he raised about the stars and stripes, the Constitution, Liberty and them d—n infernal Canajins, would a made him President, if he'd only a run."
"A committee of Public safety was organized right off; resolutions was made to enrol a regiment of volunteers, and, guess, in its then state of millingitary feeling, Jonesville could have whipped a pretty considerable slice of human nature."
"The Kurnel was our leading man in them days 'as tried men's souls." He was here that ar' everywhar, and one day a rale five Canajin was seen with a loaded rifle, not five miles from Jonesville, the drum was beat and every man belonging to the Jonesville volunteers was under arms from seven in the morning until nine at night, when exhausted nature and hot brandies was at length obliged to yield. The Kurnel was the only wun as didn't cave and the quantity of liquor straight that he put down at the call of duty, was a caution. He knowed his kedentry was in danger. He felt as if his humstead, his groceries, and plunder generally, to say nothing of Maheltible Ann, the Kurnel's daughter, who was a rale snorter, that is a fact, was a strong temptation to them thieving Canajins, and his patriotic and domestic feelings rize right up, and he says, 'Boys, says he, 'you are done up sticks,' says he; 'go to bed.'"
"And you, Kurnel," says he.
"Boys," says he agin, (and he folded his buffalo with a kinder injin, millingitary air, about him;) "Boys, says he, 'I know the duty of a soldier which is on his post,' says he, and the way the Kurnel turned and left the sport at that, whistling a sorter cross between the Dead March and the Girl I Left Behind Me, was a picture 'as a done General Scott himself good to have seen."
"Wall, you see, stranger, the fact is, somehow most of us fellers didn't feel so almighty smart about the invasion as we oughter had done. There was only one Canajin as we knowed on, as had designs agin the peace and quietness of Jonesville. We had seen continually prowling round the Kurnel's store arbor dark, but being as we know, a rale clever kind of chap, as stood six feet in his mocassins, with a kinder handsome look about him generally, besides being the smartest trapper, arter Bill Dayrell that, in this location," we concluded it was not so much the Kurnel's groceries as Maheltible Ann as he was looking arter."
My eyes here involuntarily turned upon a splendid specimen of a young woodsman, who was sitting by the Colonel, and from the peculiar twinkle of his eye, I couldn't help fancying that he was the identical disturber of the peace of Jonesville in general and Colonel Washington Tubbs in particular, to whom Mr. Bagster referred.
"Wall," continued Joe, "the Kurnel hadn't but just gone when, darn my picture, if the enemy, knowing we was without protection, didn't come right down upon us. We had not time to defend ourselves afore he rushes right up to the bar, and says, 'Boys, that is fun ahead—let's licker.'"
Considering he was a natural born enemy, it was kinder singular to see how much twain he seemed, and arter we all lickered, says he agin, 'Boys, who's round?'"
"Wall, somehow the boys above kinder take the fun jest as natural as a 'Hio Hoosier takes to raw whiskey, so it was not in nature so we should back down anyhow, so says we, 'we are round.'"
"But what was it?" asked I, beginning to feel slightly provoked by the air of mystery thrown by Mr. Bagster over his narration.
"Wall, stranger," resumed Joe, "the Kurnel was a walking and a marching up and down in front of his humstead, looking bigger than ever Gen Jackson could look at New Orleans."
"It was a bitter cold night, and the Kurnel's track in the snow showed something had got into his toes or head. They war almighty crooked, and that is a fact. Howsoever, he seemed to kinder conclude himself he wanted steadyin', so, standing his sword, and shooting iron agin the rail fence, he drags out his pocket a jar as looked oncum-on-like whiskey."
He hadn't got the cork farly out and was jest a putting the licker to his mouth, when down he drops it—smash—for such an almighty roar as come within three feet of the seat of his pantaloons, was snuff to scare a feller's hair right up on end.
"He looked round, and that, within scratching distance on him, stood, bold upright, about the biggest bar in ever made a Christian think over his prayers and the safety of his latter end."
"The Kurnel reached out for his weapons, but somehow they war not there. The bar made a small jump this way, he jest stepped to take one look arter the whiskey, and thin the Kurnel yed, and the way he did yed was a caution, I tell you."
"There was a small swamp jest about four hundred yards from the Kurnel's humstead, with two or three shades a growing in it, and that was whar he stepped straight. The bar was arter him close, and the Kurnel thought if the sound critter would only follow, he might get stuck. So in he went, splash, splash, splash, straight for one of the alders. He reached the tree at last, and then turned to see if the weight of the bar hadn't sunk him. But that, within six feet of him, stood the tarnal critter, grinning like all-fired natur."
"Wall, I reckon that made the Kurnel break out all over in a kinder cold sweat. He knowed as bars were made by Providence for awarding up trees, and he knowed as he war d—d. But things was desprit, so he jest watches till he thot the varmint was not looking, and then he hauls onto the old tree was most pertickler edifying."
He riz about six inches on the first jerk and that he stuck, for the bar hearing the noise, looked up with such a darned wicked grin on his features, that the Kurnel was nigh a most dropping right off.
"Wall, things kept on jest so for about an hour, I guess. That was the Kurnel watching the bar, and the bar watching the Kurnel, and about every few minutes the bar seemed to git sorter careless, when the Kurnel made another six inches upwards, and the bar would look up and growl ortful, but he set quite still, only anybody could on him would have thot the critter had a powerful smart touch of the fever and ager, to see how he did shake, though it looked oncum-on-like laughing too. At last the Kurnel made one almighty big lift and jest as he got a hold on the bottom branch of the tree, the bar give a growl fit to scare a human out of his linen, and up he springs arter his victim."
"Wall it ha' done the yaller colle good to ha' seen the Kurnel. He beat squirrels, but the bar was soon close on him, 'n' jest as he hung on to the bough to haul hisself up, the critter made a grab and fixt his tarnal antlers right into the Kurnel's military pantaloons which in the nat'ral course of things, gin away and wall it was a bitter cold night, that's a fact."
"The bar couldn't foller him into the bough, the colonel's weight o' ha' most broke things 'n' so that they sat tight upon to hours—the Kurnel a meditating on his sins, a saying such prayers as he could think on, his maple nutmegs 'n' yeller pine cheeses, an' such like 'n' the bar, chewing up the pantaloons an' a grinning 'n' growling like all natur 'n' onst in a while putting hisself to his mouth as looked oncum-on-like the Kurnel's stone bottle, until, jest as day were a braking crack went somebody's shooting iron, and down come the Kurnel plump into the swamp."
"And the bar?" asked I fairly wrought to a pitch of excitement.
"Wall, stranger, to have seen the bar come coolly walking down, as if nothing in nature was out, you would have thort he was a human, and that is a fact."
"And the Colonel?" asked I almost breathless.
"Wall the Kurnel soon come to hisself, and when he did, he was the boys a standing, and that Bill Dayrell a sitting jest opposite drinking the Kurnel's health out of the identical stone bottle, with his darned ugly body done up in a bar skin fit to beat nature, and grinning like an elired coon in a gum tree."
The roar of laughter that rang through Mr. Joseph Bagster's barroom, as he finished his narration, proved that the boys in their parts were around, and no mistake, when there was fun ahead. The Colonel joined as heartily as the rest and there was not a man in the room backed down when he gave the word of command to fall in, advance to the bar and, "licker."
When the merriment and lickerin' at the Colonel's expense, had somewhat subsided, I ventured to ask our jolly host for the sequel of the adventure, and how the young trapper appeared with the Colonel's daughter.
"Wall, you see stranger," said Mr. Bagster, "Maheltible Ann seemed to kinder expect her father would be out late that night, and so when Harry Lincoln called, she jest concluded she would take a walk with him across the border, and somehow when she come back in the morning, she war n't Maheltible Ann Tubbs no longer, but Mrs. Harry Lincoln."
"The Kurnel was a sorter riled up at first, but however he eventually concluded to simmer down and come handsome with the young couple, and I guess you won't find a happier team than Harry Lincoln and his partner in five hundred miles round Jonesville."
Just ONE SHADE GREENER.—A lady of this city—when young, a great belle—shopping one day, called for some green silk; a piece was produced—that would not do; another, another, and yet another, was brought forth by the salesman, but of no avail; none there among the ample pile that suited the fastidious lady's taste.
"A deep, very deep and dark green is what I wish," said the fair customer.
The shelves were then again ransacked by the attentive attendant—deeper and still deeper glowed the green, until it emerged into a dark sea fit, but none had been displayed suiting the lady's fancy. At length, fairly out of patience with his customer, the irritated salesman exclaimed.
"Madam, I do declare, and verily believe, that you do not know what shade of green you want yourself."
"I do, sir, right well," returned the fair lady, "and, wity one; select a pattern just one shade greener than yourself, and I'll take it at once."
A gay fellow who had taken lodgings at a public house, and got considerably in debt, absented himself and took new quarters. This so enraged the landlord that he commissioned his wife to go and find him—which the debtor having heard of, declared publicly that if she came he would kiss her. "Will he," said the lady, "will he?" Give me my bonnet, Molly; I will see whether any fellow on earth has such impudence!" "My dear," said the cooling husband, "pray do not be too rash; you do not know what a man may do when he is in a passion."

Scene in a New York Court.
The following is an extract from the Tribune's report of the trial of a western man for being intoxicated, since the passage of the Maine Law, in New York.
Sappington, who did you purchase your liquor?
"That's only one place that I know of to get it."
Where's that?
"At the Whisky shops and taverns of course."
What I wish to know is the particular shop or store or hotel where you purchased your liquor?
"You're too much for me, dear, Judge—That's about as many bar rooms in York as that's customers."
At how many places did you drink?
"I drunk at a heap of 'em—but before that I drunk wunst or twis out of a bottle that I brot with me from Ellenny."
Where did you purchase the liquor you had in your bottle?
"In Jersey, Judge. When I sweezed all I could out of that I started out among the bar-rooms."
What kind of liquor did you drink?
"Cane juice, Judge. I never drink any other kind, I should'n't have drunk that but I was most powerful weak. I was right smart sick for a day or two arter I got here, I thought a little rum would warm my stomach. But whar's the use of askin' all these questions?"
The reason is that by law a person found drunk is obliged to state where he procures his liquor, if he knows.
Well, I don't know; reckon you've got thro' with me now.
Not quite, Sir. You are fined ten dollars.
Judge, do you call that ar' doin' things on the squar with strangers?
That, Mr. Sappington, is the present law.
Then I must lose an X, must I?
Yes, sir, or be confined for ten days.
Then I reckon I'll disgorge the X. I'm afraid that bein behind the bars might be injurious to my constitution.
Mr. Sappington here handed the clerk an eagle.
It's posse that'll answer won't it?
It is all right, Sir. You are now free, and I hope this experience will be salutary lesson to you.
I reckon, Judge, the inducements for the populace in the West to Emigrate to York State isn't much.
Possible not Mr. Sappington?
Mr. Sappington opened the gate and passed outside the bar. He then suddenly, stepped and said:
"Judge if that is any law against chavin' tobacco I hope you won't fine me more than four bits a chew."
Mr. Sappington then made his exit.
There being no further business, the Court took a recess until 10 o'clock.

Wonderful Juggling.
We extract the following from an article in the Crayor, descriptive of travels in British India. The scene of occurrence is laid in Madras:
But the most wonderful performance that we saw this morning was a feat of pure juggling, of which I have never been able to find any solution. One of the old men came forward upon the gravelled stud hard trotted avenue leading with him a woman. He made the woman kneel down tied her arms behind her, and banded her eyes. Then bringing a great bagnet made open with meshes of rope, he put it over the woman and laced up the month, fastening with knotted interlacing cords in such a way that it seemed an impossibility for her to extricate herself, from it. The men then took a closely-woven wicker basket that narrowed at the top, lifted the woman in the net from the ground, and placed her in it, though it was not without some exertion that he could crowd her through the narrow mouth. Having succeeded in getting her into the basket in which, from its small size, was necessarily a cramped position, he put the cover upon it, and threw over it a wide strip of cotton cloth hiding it completely. In a moment placing his hand under the cloth he drew out the net quite untied and disentangled. He took a long straight sharp sword, muttered some words to himself, while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, and put some upon his forehead, then pulled off and threw the covering, and plunged the sword suddenly into the basket prepared as in some degree we were for this and knowing that it was only a deception it was yet impossible to see it without a cold creeping horror.—The quiet and energy with which he repeated his strokes driving the sword through and through the basket, while the other jugglers look on apparently as much interested as ourselves, were very dramatic and effective.—Stopping after he had rattled the basket, he again scattered dust upon its top, lifted its lid, took up the basket from the ground, showed it to us empty and threw it away. At the same moment we saw the woman approaching us from a clump of trees, at a distance of at least 50 or 60 feet.
Throughout the whole of this inexplicable feat the old man and woman were quite removed from the rest of their party. The basket stood by itself on the hard earth, and so much beneath the verandah on which we were sitting that we could see all around it. By what trick our watchful eyes were closed, or by what means the woman in safety escaped, was an entire mystery, and remains unsolved. The feat is not a very uncommon one, but no one who had seen it, ever gave me a clue to the manner in which it was performed.
A sharper who had pawned his hat going out of church in the middle of a crowd, snatched a man's hat from under his arm. The poor fellow feeling his hat gone, cried, "they have stolen my hat." The sharper immediately writing the hat on his head, and covering it with both hands, exclaimed, "Have they? I defy them to take mine."

The Two Brothers.
The site occupied by the Temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried. They lived together, however, in the greatest harmony possible, cultivating the property they had inherited from their father.
The harvest season had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves, made two equal stacks of them and left them on the field. During the night the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought. My brother, said he to himself, has a wife and children to support; is it just that my portion of the harvest should be as large as his? And upon this he arose and took from his stack several sheaves which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with much secrecy, as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his offering might not be rejected. On the same night the other brother awoke and said to his wife, my brother lives alone without a companion, he has none to assist him in his labor nor to reward him for his toils, while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; it is not right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness. If you consent, by adding secretly a number of sheaves to his stack by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increased. This object was approved and immediately put into execution.
In the morning, each of the brothers went to the field; and was much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on each side; for as each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks always remained the same. But one night, both harvesting stood sentinel to divine into the cause of this miracle; they met, each bearing the sheaves mutually destined for the other. It was thus all elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to Heaven for having so good a brother.
Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea had simultaneously occurred to the two brothers, and with so much persistency, must have been acceptable to God. Alas! blessed it, and the children of Israel chose it, there to erect the house of the Lord.
I will!
Yes, I know you will. The energetic expression and determined tone show that you will!
"I will try," said the gallant Miller, as he marched his undisciplined but determined troops, up the hill whose summit was crowned with a battery that poured death in all directions, and that battery, guarded by British regulars, was silenced, and the brave defenders sent to the long sleep that knows no waking.
"I will be President of the United States," said John C. Calhoun, on the day he left college. Through a long life, with his eye steadily fixed on that as the end of his career, he obtained a wide renown, and died but one step short of the Presidency.
"I will discard the title of Emperor of all the Russias, and take that of Emperor of the Slavones," said the young Emperor of Russia; and whoever lives to see ten years more will see his dream accomplished. His energetic determination is a sure guarantee for its fulfillment.
Set your mark high, young seaman, determine to reach it, never waver from your purpose, and you will accomplish your object. The eagle, with his eye on the tin, and a determination to reach it, may never get a quito there, but he will soar higher than a three foot bush.
One of the finest passages in the play of "Richard III." is this.
Richard.—"Young man, be blithe for note me; from the hour you grasped that pocket, think your quarrels star-strain fortune on you."
Francis.—"If I fail?"
Richard.—"Pill fail! In that glorious lexicon youth, which fate reserves for a glorious manhood, there is no such word as fail!"
"Why should a young man fail? It is to be honorable, if he be ardent, if he be energetic, if he be gifted with mental powers, if he be right in soul and strength, he should never fail; and if any alluring temptation whips him in his ear," words that would make him turn aside, let him revert to that "brilliant lexicon," and never fail.
THE RESULT OF KISSING THE BUTTER.—"My dear, said an affectionate wife, "what shall we have for dinner to-day?"
"One of your smallest," replied the husband.
"But I can't," replied the wife.
"Then take this," and he gave her a kiss and went to his business.
He returned to dinner.
"This is an excellent dinner," said he, "what did you pay for it?"
"Why, what you gave me this morning, to be sure," replied his wife.
"The dinner you did," exclaimed he, "then you shall have money the next time you go to market."
DYING WORDS.—STANLEY SMITH says: "It seems necessary that great people should die with some honorable saying. Mr. Pitt said something not intelligible in his last moment. G. Ross made it out to be 'Save my country, Heaven!' The burse, on being interrogated, that he asked for barley water."
An Irishman, having been told that the prior of a house had fallen, exclaimed: "This is the first time I ever priced at the fall of my best friend."
They have got a pie in Ohio so thoroughly educated that he has taken to music. They regulate his time by twisting his tail—the greater the twist, the higher the notes.